

Une Journée des Parques:

A
DAY'S WORK
OF THE
FATES.

Translated from the French of Monsr. *Le Sage*,
Author of GIL-BLAS, *K*

CAMBRIDGE:

Printed for CHARLES BATHURST at the Cross-Key
in Fleet-Street, London. 1745.

Une femme de Paris:

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DAY'S WORK

OF THE



Translated from the French of M. de La Fayette
Author of GIL-BLAS

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Printed for Charles Whittington at the Cross-Key
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A

Day's Work of the F A T E S.

Divided into two Sitzings.

Sitting the First.

CLOTHO, LACHESIS, ATROPOS.

LACHESIS.

HERE! Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Themis*, *Atropos*, *Clotbo*; come my Sisters, and let us work, sure it is time now to begin our Labour of the day.

CLOTHO. Yes, there you are right, the Nectar we have been drinking at the Table of the Immortal Gods, has a little amused us; but we shall go on with our Work the more eagerly.

LACHESIS. Very true. Come, *Clotbo*, then prepare the Distaff; my Fingers long to turn the Spindle. Let us spin, Let us spin.

ATROPOS. Let us cut, Let us cut, I say. *Vulcan* has just made me a pair of new Scissars and I must try them: Let us see who shall have their first Stroke.

CLO. Let us first send down to the dark Realms below, some Millions of Human-kind; afterwards we will spin, and regulate the Destinies of those Mortals which are to be born this day.

LACH. Ah! well said, how agreeably we shall pass the day!

CLO. (*presenting a packet of Thread to Atropos.*) Here, *Atropos*, I can't offer a worthier Stroke, for the first use of the Scissars, than to give them a part of this great

A

A Day's Work of the Fates.

great packet of Threads to destroy. These are the Lives of Two hundred thousand Combatants, just drawing their Sabres, on the Frontiers of *Persia*.

ATR. Oh! how I shall strow the Field of Battle! (*She cuts*) There! there are Thirty thousand down at least.

CLO. Let the rest live, till we feel longing, to make a new Slaughter. I must say within these few years we have sent a handsome number of *Turks* and *Persians* to the Dominions of *Pluto*.

ATR. We have not dismiss'd fewer of the *Indians*, Black and White: what a pleasure for us! to have this despotick Authority over the Human-kind, and to make those petty Beings feel, that the shortning, or the prolonging their days depends upon our pleasure. Allons, Sisters of mine, second me, I find myself in a strong disposition to Work, I fancy you have both the same inclination.

LACH. It would be wrong to doubt it.

ATR. How many must take the leap after these *Mahometans*!

CLO. (*bringing another packet of Thread*) Another heap of Warriours I deliver up to you. These are two more Armies observing each other upon the Banks of the *Po*, with indefatigable Vigilance, and animated with an equal Fury, burning with impatience to charge.

LACH. We must satisfy them.

ATR. (*cutting*) I shall exterminate a great number on both sides.

CLO. You have made great Execution amongst the *French*, and the *Piemontese*.

ATR. And still greater amongst the *Germans*.

LACH. (*presenting two Hanks*) An important Place is Besieging in *Germany*. Besides a numerous Garrison that defend it. The *Rhine* to render it inaccessible, swells its Waters, and the most dreadful Overflowings seem to endeavour to drown the Besiegers; but the more
Ob-

Obstacles they find, the more obstinate they are to surmount them. They are now going to attack the Hornwork, and the Besieged are preparing to repulse them.

ATR. (*cutting part of both the Hanks.*) Let us destroy more of the Besiegers than the Besieged; but that shall not prevent the Place from being speedily yielded: that is one of our Decrees.

LACH. Yes; but let us add, if you please, that the Besiegers shall lose a Commander, whose Loss shall be greater to them, than that of the Town to the Besieged.

CLO. (*bringing a Hank*) Cut this Hank, with one stroke you will be the Ruin of a hundred and fifty Soldiers, Sailors, and Passengers, that are in a *Venetian Ship*, upon the *Adriatick Gulph*: a horrible Tempest is just risen, the whistling of the Winds and the roaring of the Waves, make the neighbouring Shores tremble: the Vessel is already without Masts, without Rudder, it must sink to the Bottom, unless we order otherwise.

ATR. Let it sink, Let it sink: the Men that are in it, are good for nothing but drowning.

LACH. I command Mercy, for a young *Frenchman* of Genius, who is amongst the Passengers: Let him save himself upon a Plank, and be thrown on the Coast of *Albania*.

CLO. Be it so.

ATR. Well, he shall be saved, since you desire it; he shall turn Renegado, and be circumcised at *Constantinople*, where six months after he shall be empaled for speaking with Irreverence of the Great Prophet of the *Mussulmen*.

LACH. I only wish'd to save him from the Shipwreck, that he might meet with that Treatment from the *Turks*.

CLO. Since you have such good-natured intentions for this Man of Wit, let him escape then from the

Fury

Fury of the Waves : be all the rest the Food for Fishes. We so often regale the Aquatick Inhabitants with such Repasts, that I don't know whether Men eat more Fish, than Fishes eat Men.

ATR. (*cutting the whole Hank excepting one Thread*) The Sea Monsters shall feast to-day.

LACH. (*bringing another Hank*) A new Packet to cut. A dreadful Earthquake is this moment felt in a City of *Italy* ; the Houses all shake to their Foundations, and the Earth opens to swallow them up, with the miserable Wretches that inhabit them. How many Citizens shall we destroy ?

CLO. Two thousand only : Whatever pleasure it gives us to massacre these Mortals, we must set bounds to our fury ; or the Human Race would soon be extinct.

ATR. You don't consider what you say, *Clotbo*, if we should put to death Two hundred thousand this day, it would not be a Night of *London*, *Paris* or *Pekin*.

LACH. *Atropos* speaks the truth. Let us exercise boldly the Power we have over Mankind. In spite of the vast extent of Waters, and immense spaces of Earth that separate those People, we are with both in the same instant, we have the Universe under our Eyes, and see all that passes in it. Let us sacrifice without mercy whomsoever we please.

CLO. (*bringing a great packet of Thread.*) These are Lives of the Inhabitants of the great City of *Mexico*, where there now reigns a contagious Disease. We retrench'd from this number of the Living yesterday a Thousand of these poor Wretches ; let us sentence Fifteen hundred of them to-day, including some *Spaniards* who have married *Mexican* Women, and chuse rather to live miserably in *New-Spain*, than to return into the *Old*, without making a figure there.

ATR,

ATR. (*cutting a part of the Threads*) Can any thing exceed the Pride of a *Spaniard*!

LACH. (*presenting another Hank*) This little Hank contains the Threads of Fifty *Indians* of *Peru*, who are assembled upon the Summit of a high craggy Mountain, to celebrate the memory of their *Inca* the good *Atabalippa*: don't let us oppose their courageous Resolutions: They have above Ten thousand Spectators flock'd from all parts, to see and to admire the Immortal Action they are going to perform. These Fifty Victims have already sung Verses in praise of their dear *Inca*, to the melancholly sound of their Flutes: see they fall now into a kind of Despair; they devote themselves to death, and throw themselves from the highest Precipice that they may follow their Prince into the other World, and serve him there.

ATR. (*after having cut the Hank*) These *Indians* of *Peru* are good Creatures, in truth they deserv'd a little more Humanity than the *Spaniards* shew'd them, when they conquer'd their Country.

CLO. (*giving a small Hank of Thread*) *Jupiter* is darting his Thunder near the Island of *St. Domingo*, upon the Vessel of a *Spanish* Privateer. The whole Crew by a series of impious and barbarous Actions, have drawn upon themselves the Wrath of the Gods, a Flash of Lightning falls this moment upon the Magazine of Powder, and the ship flies up into the Air with every Man that is on Board.

ATR. (*cutting*) Let them go, and join *Ajax* in Hell.

LACH. (*presenting a Hank*) You behold Seventy-five Religious Mendicants, assembled in a general Chapter which is now held in a corner of *Bas Bretagne*. Those who are born Noble, say that the first dignities of their Order belong rightfully to the Gentlemen Monks. The Commons pretend to have a share in them, and propose the dignities to be render'd alternative. 'Tis the quarrel of the Patricians and the Plebeians. The Reverend Fathers

thers on each side are heated, and are going to conclude the dispute by Blows ; They draw good Cudgels, with which they were arm'd, from beneath their frocks, and Behold ! how they knock one another down. How many do you desire should be left upon the spot ?

CLO. Fifteen : who are, Ten common Religious, Three Guardians, One Provincial, and a Definitor.

ATR. (*after having cut*) The business is done ; there are Fifteen dead, and Twenty wounded.

LACH. That is not too much for the Combat of a Chapter of Monks in *Bas Bretagne*.

CLO. (*holding some Threads*) A new Operation for us.

ATR. Whole Threads are these ?

CLO. The Threads of four *Germans*, who are in a debauch at *Straßbourg*, with two *French Actresses* ; in four and twenty hours that they have been at Table, they have drunk a Hundred bottles of Wine ; They are falling from their chairs at last ; shall we kill them with the Surfeit.

LACH. No, no if you please ; as to the Men 'tis well, but the Women shan't so much as feel any Disorder ; for they are to begin again to-morrow upon a New account, with two of the Officers in Garrison who have invited them to supper. Do you remember, Sisters, what agreeable Lives we have spun for these two Fair ones.

ATR. Oh yes, I remember it now.

CLO. So do I : I remember, we appointed they should go both to *Paris*, and make their Fortune there very differently. One should abandon her Profession, to make herself the slave of an old rich Gallant, who treating her in the *Turkish* taste, shou'd keep her close Prisoner in a magnificent Apartment, where she should see none but her Gaoler and her Keepers.

LACH. That was indeed our Decree.

ATR. I have forgot what Fate we ordain'd for her Companion.

CLO.

CLO. Her Companion more happy, is to enjoy an intire Liberty: shall shine upon the Stage, be equip'd according to the Taste of some generous Man of Quality, and amass a considerable Sum. But so delicious a Life shall be of no long duration; this favourite Actress shall disappear suddenly in the flower of her Age; with one Stroke of your Scissars you shall snatch her from the Applause of the Publick, and notwithstanding her Wealth, * her Interment shall be as mean, as that of one of the same condition (in a Neighbouring Nation†) shall be splendid, at the very same time,

LACH. That People do too much honour to the Dramatic Talent, and the *French* too little. The Genius of Nations are different, as you see.

CLO. This little heap of *Parisian* Threads will amuse you for a moment.

ATR. Oh! you please me, my dear Clotho, by bringing me these Threads! I am charm'd when I do the good office to the Inhabitants of *Paris*.

LACH. That is a Charm which happens to you every day.

CLO. I give you up first this Chymical Philosopher, who having reach'd his fourteenth Lustre, has broke off all commerce with his Friends, and shut himself up in his Laboratory, to stir out no more; He will see nobody but an old Housekeeper, who has took care of him these thirty years. He is tir'd he says of Living; and though he has his Health to a miracle, he keeps his Bed like a Sick man drawing near his end.

LACH. This poor Philosopher has fired his Brain by his Chymical Operations.

ATR. (*cutting the Thread*) Since Life is a Burden to him, out of Pity I'll deliver him from it.

CLO. (*drawing another Thread from the Hank*) Whilst you are so mercifully inclin'd, take this poor

* Mad. Du Clos. — † Mrs. Oldfield.

Citizen out of his Sorrows, who having always liv'd in Indigence, has lately buried a Brother who has left him Two hundred thousand Francs in Specie. The joy of inheriting so rich a Succession, had almost turn'd his Brain, and if it had, he would have been less to be pitied.

LACH. How can that be?

CLO. Because he does not know how to secure his Treasure; the fear of placing it ill, agitates him without ceasing; he has not one moment's repose, nothing seems safe, he distrusts every thing, and is a Man greatly embarrass'd.

ATR. Out of Charity I'll put an end to his Embarrassment.

CLO. (*Smiling and drawing out another Thread*) What Humanity! I must furnish you with an Opportunity of doing another charitable Action.

ATR. I shall not let it escape me.

CLO. We have too long let an old Canon of fourscore languish, who without reckoning the Asthma that choaks him, has the Gout in his Left Knee, and the Sciatica in his Right Hip: Let us cure him radically of all his Pains. Besides he's of no Use upon earth: We ought to have made his Prebend vacant, ten years ago.

LACH. Why really there are so many of these Antique Figures seen in the World, that we ought to be reproach'd with their long Existence: 'tis a want of Attention to our Business, which we must reform.

ATR. Let us reform; let us give no Quarter to decrepid Old Age.

CLO. (*showing another Thread*) Well, then no Quarter for this Old Professor of the University, who above these Threescore years has not brush'd his Cloaths for fear of wearing them: He is a Pedant, swallow'd up in the Love of the Ancients; he is fallen ill; and as he does not believe he shall recover of his Distemper,
he

he said this Morning to a Friend of his: What comforts me in my Death, is, that I never read a Modern Author.

LACH. (*laughing*) A pleasant Consolation indeed!

ATR. (*cutting*) Let him die satisfied then, this faithful Partisan of Antiquity.

CLO. (*presenting three Threads together*) Here are Three Mortals that make us cried out upon every day we let them Live, and indeed we seem to have entirely forgot them. They are three Old Men who are incapable of executing their usual Functions: A Lawyer, who can no longer employ his Eloquence in the Cause of Injustice: A celebrated Physician, who has given over killing the Sick; and a good Capuchin Father, who can't stir out of his Convent to dine abroad.

LACH. Let us make these Venerable Persons disappear immediately.

ATR. (*cutting the Threads*) 'Tis doing them a Pleasure to abridge so melancholly a Life.

CLO. (*showing another Thread*) This slender Thread expects the same favour from us; 'tis the Web of Life of a Beautiful and Vertuous Marchioness, far advanc'd in her Career. We had spun her a long Life exempt from all Misfortunes, but the good Lady is a Devotee that loves herself a little too much, and grows old with a bad Grace: instead of letting her Charms drop easily down to decay; every Morning at her Toilette, when she looks in her Glass, she weeps for the loss of them. I am of opinion that we must terminate the Course of her Life, to prevent the Despair she must soon be in to see herself decrepid.

ATR. (*cutting*) I consent to it; let us spare her that Vexation.

LACH. I vote too, for doing her that peice of service: the World must own we are sometimes obliging.

CLO. (*presenting two Threads*) These two Feminine Threads deserve a Stroke too: they are two distracted Old Women; one a Widow, the other Unmarried;

the first has been fool enough to strip herself of her whole Estate, to settle her Children advantageously, who to shew their Gratitude let her want Necessaries: the last, born amorous and liberal, is left without either Money or Lovers, after having for Fifty years together spent her Revenue upon young Cadets.

LACH. I pity these two poor Creatures.

ATR. (*cutting both the Threads*) Cease to pity them; they are no longer alive.

CLO. (*giving another Thread*) Give an Infernal Passport immediately to this old gouty Banker, to the Court of Rome: you will fulfil the Prayers of his young Wife, who burns with impatience to fill his place with a gay, jolly Companion, that teaches her Musick.

ATR. (*cutting*) We must satisfy her, but I fancy she'd have something less Eagerness in flying to a second Match, if she knew that her Singing Master would change his Note, as soon as he became her Husband.

LACH. (*bringing a Thread*) Let us purge the Earth of this old Priest, who has pass'd two thirds of his Life in Poverty, and now possesses Twenty thousand Livres every year in Benefices; which he owes, not to his Vertue, but to that intriguing Spirit we endow'd him with at the Day of his Birth. Far from giving a share of his Treasure to the Poor, he delights in nothing but heaping up: He doats upon his *Louis'd'ors*, his only pleasure is to count them every Night, and kifs them one by one as he puts them into his Strong Box; he does not live as he us'd to do, upon the Produce of his Masses; and he is so tir'd of Saying them, that now he won't so much as Hear them.

ATR. (*cutting*) It's all over now; he shall kifs his *Louis'd'ors* no more; they shall be shar'd between three or four Heirs, whom out of Avarice and Pride, in his life-time he would never see.

CLO. (*picking out a Thread*) Amongst the Aged who still live by our Negligence, I perceive one that
in-

inclines me to Compassion. 'Tis a Religious, whom the Brotherhood have kept these Thirty years, imprison'd in a dark Dungeon, where they afford him so small Nourishment, that he is worn to a living Anatomy.

LACH. So severe a Penance, must suppose some great Crime.

CLO. However great his Fault may be, he has thoroughly expiated it by the pains he has endur'd. He has for above Five and twenty years strove in vain every day by Prayers and Tears, to move his Community; and now implores only our Succours: Let us show that we have less Hardheartedness than the Monks.

ATR. (*cutting the Thread*) We will lend him then our Assistance.

LACH. (*presenting another Thread*) Let us pay (at the same time) the Debts of an Old Bishop pester'd, persecuted and tormented by an importunate crowd of Creditors. As his Lordship has no other Revenue but that of his Bishoprick, which brings him in only Fifty thousand Livres a year; he has been oblig'd to borrow on all hands, better to sustain his Dignity of Prince of the Church. Now they would have him give up his Revenues for a time to his Creditors, and live privately, and without Pomp.

ATR. Live privately and without Pomp! what an Affront to a Prelate! We must save him from it. Let us send My Lord into the *Elisian Fields* amongst the Happy Shades. (*she cuts the Thread*)

CLO. Good! let him go into that charming Habitation, provided My Lords the Judges don't send him on the Road to *Tartarus*, to revenge his poor Creditors.

LACH. (*bringing a new Thread*) I have a malicious longing that I must satisfy: a Rich old Tradesman has two Sons for his Heirs; he has bought the Eldest, whom he idolizes, a very honourable Post; and forc'd his Second, whom he does not love, into a Convent. This youngest to obey his Father took the Habit, with-

without the least call to it; and after having made his Vows he has just Apostatis'd. To punish the Old Man for having made so wicked a Monk, let us cut off the days of his Eldest son, who is childless.

ATR. (*cutting*) This is not ill contriv'd: its the ready way to mortify the Father; he will have the vexation to have made One of his Children miserable, to enrich the Other, absolutely to no purpose.

LACH. And to think that the Nephews and Nieces, whom he hates and can't bear to see, will become his Heirs.

CLO. I have my fancies too.

ATR. Who hinders you from satisfying them?

CLO. (*presenting three Threads together*) No mercy for these three crooked Threads that I abandon to your Scissars; they are two *Normans*, and a *Stroling Gascon* Lady, they have left their own Country to seek their Fortune in the good City of *Paris*, the Nursing Mother of all the Vagabonds of those two Provinces. One of these *Normans*, after having worn the Livery of a Farmer General of the Revenues, and pass'd all the Employments that succeed it, is become Lord of the Village, where he was born. The other who had been at School in *Caen*, has profited of his little Latin by creeping into the Family of a fat Prebendary, whose favour he has found means to gain so far, as to catch two considerable Benefices: and the fair *Gascon*, prudent as well as pretty, has made herself a small fund, of Fifty thousand Crowns, out of the Purse of the Laity and the Clergy.

ATR. (*cutting all the Threads*) Since you wish it so, the Lord of the Village, the Beneficed Man, and the Adventurer Lady, shall go in a moment to the redoubtable Meadow where * *Eacus*, waits to interrogate

* *Plato* (in the *Gorgias*) says, that *Eacus* and *Rhadamanthus* gave their Sentence in a Meadow, in which there were Two Paths, one of which lead to *Tartarus*, and the other to the *Elisian Fields*:
that

them; I believe that Judge will have no need of *Minos*, to know whether he must condemn them, to go the road of *Tartarus*.

LACH. (*giving a Thread to cut*) Let us deliver Human-kind from the Prodigal of an Abbé, who can't possibly live upon Sixty thousand Livers a year, who runs in debt on all hands, tricks the whole World, and whom, in fine, Necessity of Money makes capable of any thing. His Purse, like the Sieves of the *Danaides*; is empty the moment it is full; if all the Monarchs upon Earth should send him their Revenues, he cou'd find a method of spending them.

ATR. (*cutting the Thread in haste*) What a Destroyer of Money! He does not deserve to see the Light.

CLO. (*presenting a new Thread*) No Pardon for this extravagant Pleader; the Party he is at Law with, is a Woman that for twenty years at least, was his Mistress; he is lately Married to her, and now is pleading for a Divorce.

ATR. (*cutting*) Ah! Fool!

LACH. (*giving another Thread*) We will finish the Divisions that reign in the Family, of an unjust and Humourous old Merchant; Though he is above Seventy-two, he won't let his two Sons have the least hand in his Affairs, though they cou'd conduct them much better than himself.

ATR. (*cutting the Thread*) I'll agree the Father and the Children presently.

CLO. (*offering another Thread*) Cut this Thread; 'Tis that of one of the most deceitful Ecclesiasticks that ever was in a Seminary; the Hypocrite has play'd

that the Jurisdiction of *Eacus* extended over *Europe*; that of *Rhadamanthus* over *Asia*; and when there was any Difficulties which these two Judges could not resolve, they had recourse to *Minos*, who was seated with a Golden Scepter in his hand, and pronounced definitively. In the time of *Plato*, the Earth was divided only in Two Parts.

his

his part so well, that he has been nominated to a considerable Abbey. He has already sent his Money to Rome to pay for his *Bulls*: they are upon the Road; let us make Mons^r *L'Abbé* disappear before they arrive.

ATR. (*cutting the Thread*) He shall not have the Pleasure to see them.

LACH. (*giving another Thread and laughing*) A great Hog of an Epicure, has just dream't that he was at Table, and wakes on a sudden, and rings a Bell, to call his Cook, and orders him to get ready that Dish he saw in his Dream, for his Dinner. Let us be malicious enough to deprive the Glutton of the pleasure of this Repast.

ATR. (*cutting*) You are satisfied.

CLO. (*bringing a Hank*) These Threads are the Lives of twenty Gentlemen of the Road, and other such Men of Honour, just carrying out of the Prisons of London, to submit to the chastisement of Justice. Astonishing Nation! with what an unconcern'd Look these criminals go to the place of Execution!

ATR. (*cutting the Thread*) Oh! the *English* are Men of Resolution; they generally quit Life without regret, and are either not afraid of the Regions of *Pluto*, or don't believe them; they know they must die, and 'tis indifferent to them whether 'tis to-day or to-morrow.

LACH. Hold, my dear Sisters, I have just made a Reformation; We are too good to-day; we destroy none but what are distracted, useless or inconvenient in Civil Society. What are we thinking of? is it thus that the *Fates*, not less cruel than the *Eumenides*, ought to busy themselves? One would think, to see the choice we make of our Victims, that we strove to appear equitable in the eyes of Mankind. It seems as if we were afraid they should disapprove our Actions; as if we troubled ourselves about their Complaints and their Murmurs.

CLO.

CLO. Your Reproach is just. We make a kind of Court of Justice of the Destinies; it was want of thought. Let us strike more boldly, bathe ourselves in Human Blood. Let the Malice and the Barbarity of our Actions, show that they are Our's.

ATR. Such Sentiments charm me. Bring me then my Dears, the Threads of the most revered Mortals upon earth, let us be insensible of the Sorrow we shall cause.

LACH. You may depend upon our Firmness of spirit.

CLO. (*drawing a Thread from a fresh Hank*) A noble Stroke to give, my Dear *Atropos*! Let us fill *Europe* and *Asia*, with surprize, to cut this Thread is a Murther worthy of us. Let us snatch from this Young Emperour his Crown with a Life which has made his People conceive the greatest Hopes of Prosperity. He has cast his eyes upon a Princess in his Court, and designs to make her share his Throne; all is ready for the Marriage; the Ceremony of which would be perform'd to-morrow, if we approv'd it; but our pleasure is, to deceive the expectation of this Young Monarch: * We will change the preparations for this Marriage into his Funeral, spread Consternation through his Palace, and divert our selves with the Cries of all the Courtiers he was dear to.

ATR. (*cutting*) The Affair will be soon over; a Sovereign's Thread of Life is as soon cut as his meanest Subject's.

LACH. (*bringing a Thread*) A young and a Charming Princess, the Ornament and Pride of one of the finest Courts upon Earth, is now ill; she is surrounded with Physicians, who flatter themselves they shall recover her. Let us make their Hopes and their Science vain, as we generally do in dangerous Diseases.

* *Peter the II^d. Czar of Muscovy.*

ATR. (*cutting*) I give her the mortal Blow, unmov'd with the Tears of the Prince her Husband, fainting by her Bed, or the Lamentations and Cries of her Women around her.

CLO. By that inhuman, that noble Firmness, I know my Sister. Courage *Atropos*; after the Two Executions you have perform'd, sure you won't refuse to lend a Hand to this. (*she gives her a Thread*)

ATR. What is this Thread then?

CLO. That of the General of an Army, of a great Leader, who reunites in his own Breast, all the Qualities of a Hero. Make him feel your Power in the midst of his Troops, you'll break off a Life which Fire and Sword have respected these Seventy years.

ATR. (*cutting*) We have spun him so many glorious days, he ought now to die satisfy'd.

LACH. (*giving another Thread*) No Quarter, No Quarter for this Illustrious Magistrate, who makes so great a Figure in Life, much belov'd, much esteem'd, and endow'd with the most penetrating Judgement.

ATR. (*with a look of Surprise*) You do not consider, *Lachesis*.

LACH. Excuse me, I do.

ATR. We shou'd make our Court very ill to my Mother, by taking off so soon one of her most zealous Sacrificers.

LACH. Cut it, Cut it however. *Themis* will murmur at first; but she will be pleas'd when we represent to her that the *Fates* spare no Man: and besides, this Magistrate, she is so fond of, will soon have his Post as worthily fill'd by a Successor.

ATR. Oh! *Themis* must be satisfied with the Reasons: — (*she cuts the Thread*) — See! our Magistrate is strip'd of the Power of Judging others, and must go himself to hear his own Sentence pronounc'd.

End of the First Part.

Day's Work of the FATES.

Sitting the Second.

CLOTHO, LACHESIS, ATROPOS.

CLOTHO.

SUBmitting to your better Judgement, Sisters, I shou'd think it proper we should rest a little now.

LACH. What do you mean, *Clotbo*? Were we made for Rest.

CLO. No; but it is a Rest to us, to change our Work; Therefore let us cease our Cutting the Threads for a few minutes; and begin to make use of the Distaff. The pleasure of Spinning Adventures for the New-born Children, is what has most Charms for me.

ATR. I say the same, though I am mightily entertain'd with using my Scissars.

LACH. Then we are all three agreed: Spinning is my favourite Occupation; 'tis my Business to turn the Spindle. Come, my little ones, bring me quickly the Baskets where we keep our Black and White Threads. Range the Vases round me, that I generally dip the end of my Fingers in when I Spin, and which contain those different Liquors, that communicate Vertues and Vices to the Sons of Men.

ATR. (*bringing a Vase.*) Here is one of the Vases you put your Hands ofteneft to; that of Voluptuousness.

C

CLO.

CLO. (*bringing two Vases*) And here are the Vases of Gaming and Drinking: you don't dip your Fingers less in them I'm certain.

ATR. (*bringing another Vase*) The Liquor of this you see here, was drawn out of *Styx*; this forms Tyrants, Assassins, and the rest of the Wicked Race.

CLO. (*bringing two other Vases*) These are the Vases of Lying and Deceit.

(ATR. and CLO. bring all the Vases of the Passions, the Vices and the Vertues; and range 'em around *Lachesis*)

LACH. (*looking round her*) I don't see the Vases of Beauty and Good-nature here.

ATR. There they are both, at your Left Hand.

LACH. Oh! yes, I find them out—— (*she perceives that Clotho is looking for something*) What are you seeking, *Clotho*?

CLO. I am looking a Vase I can't find;

LACH. What Vase is that?

CLO. The Vase of Chastity.

LACH. I know where it is; but very likely we shan't want it now. That must not be used every day; we can't be too sparing of it. In the First Ages of the World, we consumed so much of the Liquor it contains, that we have scarce enough left now, to endue the Nuns withal.

ATR. We will do without that then, and without the Vase of Humility. That is very precious too, and we preserve it as carefully; we scarce ever use it, not even when we are forming the Monks.

LACH. Come, let us spin then.—— but stay, we want something still.

CLO. What?

LACH. The little Basket with Gold and Silk Thread. We may take a fancy to make some Mortal happy to day.

ATR. That's a fancy we seldom hear.

CLO.

CLO. (*bringing a little Basket with Gold and Silk Threads*) If by chance we shou'd have such an Inclination, here is wherewithal to satisfy it;

LACH. Now then, let us spin the Destinies of the Children that are to be born.

CLO. There are several born already since we began to work; amongst the rest, one in the *Seraglio* of the Grand Seignior; the Favourite Sultana is brought to bed of a Prince. Let us begin with that.

(*She draws the Flax to spin.*)

LACH. (*spinning*) We Appoint, Ordain, and Command, that the Life of this new-born Prince shall be long: That he shall pass his Infancy in the Arms of his Father and Mother, and augment by his innocent Caresses, that Love of which he was the happy Pledge.

ATR. Mark, *Lachesis*, mark by some Black Shades the dreadful Danger, I will have him threaten'd with, before he attains his Sixteenth Year. The *Janizaries*, so dreaded by their Masters, shall revolt against the Government, shall depose the Father of this young Prince, and set the Brother of the deposed Sultan upon the Throne. The New Emperor at first shall be tempted to follow the Sanguinary Maxims of his Predecessors, and have his Nephew strangled; but He shall not yield to so cruel a Temptation; on the contrary, he shall conceive the strongest Friendship for him, and take as much care of his Education, as if he was his own Son.

CLO. Add to this, I desire you, that the young Prince shall remain a great number of years in the *Seraglio*; after which by a New Revolution, which shall cost the Lives of above Sixty thousand Mussulmen, his Uncle shall be deposed in his turn, and he rais'd to the Empire; he shall then fill the Place of his Father, who shall be dead; and using the same Humanity, shall spare the Blood of his Family.

LACH. I subscribe to these Decisions. Be this the Irrevocable Sentence of the Fates. Now let us go on to another Child.

ATR. Softly, softly, Sister: When you were spinning the Life of this new-born Prince, How come you to make no use of your Vases? I suppose it was to make a Prince without Vices or Vertues.

LACH. Well, He would not be the First we have made of that Character.

CLO. I agree to that. But give him at least, a reasonable Dose of Voluptuousness; Would you have him live in his *Seraglio*, like a *Cartbusian* in his Cell.

LACH. (*smiling and dipping her Finger in the Vase of Voluptuousness*) No truly, I did not think of it. I should have made a very poor Sultan.

ATR. Now let us pass from *Constantinople* to *Pekin*. We have just regulated the Events of the Life of a *Turkish* Prince: Now let us spin the Fate of a Princess born a quarter of an hour ago, in the Palace of the Emperor of *China*. 'Tis the Fiftyeth Daughter of that Great Monarch. The Mother of this Princess is one of the three Concubines of the second * Class, and the same, which last year lay in of a Prince, whom his *Chinese* Majesty will one day appoint for his Successor. You know, we have endued the Male Child with all the Inclinations of his Father, and above all, a strong attachment to the Ceremonies of the *Bonzees*, with a strong Curiosity of learning Trifles that are useless to Monarchs to know. What Qualities do you think proper to give the Female?

CLO. Both good and bad. Let her have Wit and Beauty, and † such very little Feet that she can't stand upon them; but let her have such Fits of Whim and Ill-humour, that shall make all her Women distracted.

* The Women of the Emperor of *China* are divided into Six Classes: the 1st is composed only of the Queen his sole Wife; there are in the 2^d Class, three Concubines; in the 3^d, nine; in the 4th, Twenty-seven; in the 5th, Eighteen; and the Number of the 6th, is unsettled. *M. Le Gentil*, in his Voyage round the World.

† The *Chinese* Women generally lame themselves, by striving to make their Feet little.

LACH.

LACH. (after having put her hand in the Vase of Caprice and the Vases of Wit and Beauty.) This Princess, will be very difficult to serve, I promise you.

ATR. From the Daughter of an Emperor, will you condescend to stoop to two Children of the Commonalty?

CLO. Why not? Are not all Human kind upon a level to us?

LACH. Certainly; As they are born, we ought to spin their Adventures without distinction.

ATR. We are still in *China*: an Embroideress of the Isle of *Emoug* has just brought forth two Boys at once; their Father who lives in indigence, seeing it impossible for him to bring 'em tolerably up, is mov'd at their Misery: and driven by a cruel Compassion, he is tempted to go and drown them in the Sea.

CLO. 'Tis because he believes the *Metempsychosis*, and hopes that at the first Transmigration, the Souls of these Children will animate Happier Bodies.

LACH. Let us snatch these Twins from the barbarous pity of their Father.

ATR. Willingly: Let us have them adopted; one of 'em by an Officer of the Mandarins, who has the cognizance of the Civil Affairs of that Province; the other by a Merchant of Raw Silk, who not being able to have a Child either by his Wife or his Concubines, shall have recourse to this Adoption, with a view of having a Son, who after his Death may take care of the Domestick Sacrifices, and burn Bits of Gilt-paper before the Souls of his Ancestors.

CLO. I admire the pious Tenderness of these good *Chinese* for their Ancestors: Tho' they all believe, either the Mortality of the Soul, or its Transmigration; yet, that does not hinder 'em from going on their old road, and imagining, that the Spirits of their deceas'd Parents flutter round the Tablets, where their Names are engraved in Letters of Gold.

LACH.

LACH. Nothing can prove more strongly the Power of Custom, over Mankind.

ATR. What shall become of our Adopted Twins?

CLO. He whom the Officer of the *Mandarins* shall make his Heir, shall give himself wholly up to the Sciences, and his adopted Father shall have the satisfaction to see him arrive at the glorious Degree of a Licentiate.

LACH. (*after having dip'd her Fingers in the Vase of Learning*) Three years after, our little Embroiderer shall obtain an honourable Post in the College of Doctors that write Annals of the *Chinese* Empire, and are charged with the care of collecting the Laws both Antient and Modern.

CLO. He shall afterwards be taken out of that College: He shall become Preceptor to the Eldest Prince of *China*: and the rest of his life shall be a continued series of Honour and Pleasure.

ATR. As we have taken a fancy to make a Virtuous and Fortunate Man of this Child, out of Caprice let us make a Rascal and a Wretch of his Brother. 'Tis what we do every day.

LACH. You prevented me.

CLO. 'Tis what I was going to propose.

ATR. (*smiling*) In the Disposition we are all three in, we shall make a very pretty Fellow.—Come, *Lachesis*, put your Hand immediately in all the Vases of the Vices. We must form a Mortal capable of every thing.

LACH. (*after having dip'd her Fingers in several Vases*) You may now, my Sisters, ordain what you please for this Boy. I protest to you, I have given him the Dispositions necessary to play any part in the world, that you think proper.

CLO. The good Seeds which he has receiv'd from your beneficent Hand, shall spring up surprizingly, he shall play a thousand Pranks in his Childhood. The Merchant of Raw Silk, after having in vain striven by
all

all manner of Chastisements to correct him, shall abandon him. The young Man, following his Evil Inclinations, shall soon fall into the Hands of Justice, which shall content itself for the first time, to punish him, by applying fifty Strokes with a Bamboo to his Back. This shall have no effect upon him; he shall get himself condemn'd to the Gallies for three years; after which he shall go and present himself to the *Bonzes* of the Pagod, near the City of *Focheir*; they shall receive him graciously, and permit him to aspire to the Honour of being of their Sect.

LACH. Oh! since he is to become a *Bonze*, I must endow him with the Spirit of his Calling, I have not dip'd my Fingers in the Vase of Hypocrisy.— (*she puts her hand in the Vase of Hypocrisy*—) Now he does not want any of the Vertues of those Venerable Solitaries.

CLO. Before the *Bonzes* initiate him into their Mysteries, they shall let his Hair and his Beard remain uncut for the space of a whole Year, they shall make him wear an old Habit, and oblige him to go from Door to Door Singing the Praises of *Foë*, the Idol of that Pagod. He shall also be debarr'd Eating any thing but Herbs and Fruit; he must strive without ceasing against Sleep; and when he can no longer resist it, one of the Brotherhood who has the charge given him of awakening him with the Strokes of a Bamboo, shall acquit himself of it very exactly: After this pleasing Noviciat, he shall put on a long Grey Robe; they shall put on his Head a Parchment Cap cover'd with Black Cloth. Afterwards all the *Bonzes* surrounding him, shall chant Hymns of which no Mortal can understand the meaning; and their Singing accompany'd by the tinkling of little Bells, will form a marvellous Concert. The Ceremony of the Reception of the new *Bonze*, shall at last finish by a repast of more Abundance than Delicacy, at which all the Holy Brotherhood shall refresh themselves till they are dead drunk.

ATR.

ATR. (to Clobo) Is this all you ordain to happen to this pious *Chinese*?

CLO. You may add what you please to it.

ATR. That is what I am going to do. Fifteen years after his having been receiv'd a *Bonze* in the manner you have describ'd, he shall be made Superior of the Pagod. He shall then edify the Publick with an Adventure, of which he shall be the Hero, and which shall make a great noise in all the Provinces of *China*.

LACH. I am curious to know what this great Event is, that you design to embellish the History of the *Bonze* with.

CLO. I have the same Curiosity.

ATR. 'Tis this. The Daughter of a *Chinese* Doctor, follow'd by two Maid Servants, shall be passing by the Pagod one day, when the door is open; perceiving no body there, she shall enter in, and advance as far as the Altar of the Idol, where she shall kneel down to pay her Devotions. Our Superior hid in a place where he can perceive all without being seen, shall cast his Eyes upon her, and finding her much to his Taste, he shall immediately fetch his Companions, and order 'em to carry off these three Women.

LACH. The Order I suppose will be no sooner given, than it will be directly executed?

ATR. Certainly; the Doctor surpriz'd at not seeing his Daughter return, and in pain to know what is become of her, shall make so strict search, that at last he shall hear, that the *Bonzes* have her in their power. He shall immediately address himself to the General of the *Tartars* in the Province, and make his Complaint of the Rape of his Daughter. The General ready to do Justice, shall immediately repair to the Pagod with the Doctor, and demand the Women. The *Bonzes* shall answer, That *Fœ* in love with the Mistress, order'd her to be seiz'd with the two Servants. The Superior with unparallel'd insolence shall add, that *Fœ* by condescending

ing to honour a Daughter of the Doctor with his Embraces, has heap'd Honour upon him and all his Family. But the *Tartar* General without listening to the Fables of the *Bonzes*, shall himself search every Place in the House and Gardens. He will hear confused Voices out of a Cave pierc'd thro' a Rock; he shall immediately order an Iron Gate that stops the Entrance of it, to be forc'd open, and will find in that subterraneous Place the Doctor's Daughter, with several other young Women her Companions in misery. They shall be all deliver'd back to their Families, * and by the General's orders Fire shall be set to the four Corners of the Pagod, which shall reduce it, and its infamous Ministers, to Ashes in a Moment.

CLO. (*to Lachesis*) Prepare your Fingers to spin the Life of a Girl this moment born in the Southern *America*. A *Portuguese* born at *Brasil*, has given an Heiress to her Husband who is Master of one of the richest Plantations about the City of *Saint Salvador*. Let us be liberal of Vertue to this Child, let us make a little *Lucretia* of it.

LACH. Oh Fie, *Clotho*, you must jest I presume; that would be displacing Chastity indeed. No, no, 'tis not worth the trouble of going to look the Vase that bestows that Vertue, which we ought never to use but at the request of *Minerva*, or *Juno*. A Modest Woman in *Guinea*, would appear a new *Phænomenon*! — (*She dips the ends of her Fingers in the Vases of Beauty and Voluptuousness*) — Let us content ourselves to make this Child perfectly Beautiful: to this effect I Ordain that She shall have a black, shining Complexion, a flat thick Nose, a very large Mouth, and very little Eyes. When she arrives at fifteen, she will be the Idol of all the *Portuguese* in *Brasil*.

* *M. Gentil* says in his Voyage round the World, that the Missionaries who were in his time at *China*, assur'd him this very Adventure happened in a *Pagod*.

ATR. (*Laughing*) Ha, ha, ha! I can't forbear Laughing, when I see *Lachesis* put her Hand in the Vase of Beauty to make such a Creature. Why she would be a Monster among the *Europeans*.

LACH. Yes; so would a Complexion of Lillies and Roses, a little Vermillion Mouth and two Large Black Eyes, appear frightful to the sun-burnt *Ethiopians*.

CLO. 'Tis true; Beauty is but local: therefore the Liquor of this Vase conforming itself to the Place, forms it's Beauties to the Taste, or if you please to the Caprice of all Nations.

ATR. I know that very well, but I am not in the Taste of the *Brasilian Portuguese*.

LACH. Nor I neither.—A Woman to appear Handsome to me, must resemble *Venus, Pallas, or Juno*.

CLO. Upon the Banks of the *Danube*, the Wife of an indigent *German* Baron, is just laid in of a Male Child in her Antique Hovel.—With what Qualities do you think proper to endow this little *Germanicus*.

LACH. To compensate his Poverty, I will make him more beautiful than the Morning, and he shall have the Mien and Shape of the Hero of a Romance.

ATR. Give him along with that, Prudence, Wit and Courage.

LACH. (*spinning after having dipp'd her Finger in several Vases*) He shall have all the Good Qualities that you wish him; but he shall love Gaming, Wine and Women.

CLO. Upon this I'll compose a series of Adventures that shall happen to him. He shall be left an Orphan at twelve years old, and having no Estate, he shall get to be Page to the Envoy of a Prince of the Empire, and go into *France* with him; he shall no sooner be at *Paris* but he shall throw off his Bashfulness; he shall have the good fortune to please a Princess, who wishing to have him for her Page shall beg him of the Envoy. She shall obtain him, and keep him in her Service till

fill he is Five and Twenty ; then our Baron shall testify to his Mistress a desire of seeing his own Country again ; she shan't oppose it, and shall make him a Gratification of a Thousand Crowns : But instead of going into *Germany*, he shall depart for *England*, which he shall take a fancy to see, upon a relation that has been given him of the Wonders of the City of *London*.

ATR. I am curious to know what is to happen to him there ; for you do not make him go for nothing.

CLO. No, certainly. I shall prepare him a pretty singular Event there, and which shan't be unprofitable to him. He shall pass near a Month in seeing the Town and Publick Places, without the least Adventure happening to him, but one Evening between nine and ten there shall come into the Boarding-house where he lodges, a Man who drawing him aside, shall say to him in *German* : “ A very handsome Woman of Distinction who has seen you in *St. James's Park*, desires your Conversation this Evening, provided you let yourself be conducted with your Eyes blinded, as to any thing else, you will run no Danger, but that of being in Love.

LACH. Our Young Baron, in spite of his Prudence, shall accept the Proposition.

CLO. Without hesitation.

ATR. He shall immediately step into a Coach with his Guide, who shall blind his Eyes and conduct him to a large House, where introducing him into a Noble Apartment, he shall there see the Lady that sent for him.

CLO. She shall be Masqued, and whatever Instances the Cavalier shall make to oblige her to discover herself, in a Conversation of two Hours, that they shall have together, she shall never unmasque. After this the Guide shall carry him back to his Lodgings in the same Manner that he brought him, and shall say to him : “ Sir, if there is occasion I shall come for you again.” The Baron shall guess by these words, that the He-

roine of the Adventure, is a Young Lady, Married to some Old *English* Nobleman that wants an Heir. And what shall confirm him in this Opinion, is, that two Months after, the Guide shall come to him again, to bring him Three hundred Guineas, which he shall count out to him saying, "In whatever part of the " World you are, you may depend upon receiving the " same sum every Year;" and in effect he shall receive it for Twenty years successively, without ever knowing from whom, but thoroughly persuaded it is for having made a Lord.

LACH. Why shall his Pension cease after Twenty Years!

CLO. Because the young *English* Nobleman his Son, shall go into the Army, and perish in the first Campaign.

ATR. The Wife of an Actor in the Opera at *Brussels*, is just brought to bed of Twin-Girls behind the Scenes. Let us look upon these Children with favourable eyes, and make 'em celebrated in their Way.

LACH. Willingly; One shall have the Voice of a Syren, and the other Dance as well as *Terpsichore*.

CLO. They shall be enter'd in their Childhood into the Opera at *Paris*, which they shall not leave till they are loaded with Gold and Jewels.

ATR. Yes: but I add to it, that they shall find some pretty Fellows in their way afterwards, whose acquaintance shall not augment their Treasure.

LACH. Hearken, my Sisters, do you hear the Cries of a Woman in Travel, out of a fine *Hôtel* in the midst of *Paris*? She is Wife to one of the richest Private Men in *France*; to a Man whom *Plutus* cherishes; and who wishes to have an Heir; she invokes us under our three Mysterious Names.

CLO. For the sake of the God of Riches, let us save her from Death, and put an End to her Pains.

ATR. We ought to do it.

LACH.

LACH. She is Deliver'd ; she brings a Boy into the World this instant.

CLO. What a Pleasure we shall give to *Plutus*, if we spin the Days of this Child, with Gold and Silk.

ATR. We must not fail of it.

LACH. No, Let us make him a Destiny worthy of Envy.

CLO. Let us give him all the Qualities that *Plutus* can wish— (*to Lachesis*)— dip your Fingers in the Vases of Taste, Good-sense and Probity.

ATR. Above all, let him be Beneficent and Liberal ; for a Man that is Rich and not Generous is a Monster.

CLO. With all the Vertues we have endow'd him with, he must have some small Vice. It would not be just that a Mortal shou'd be more perfect than the Gods.

LACH. (*spinning after having put her Hand in several Vases*) Let me alone ;— He shall have his share of Happiness upon my Word ; his Life shall be long, exempt from Vexations, or rather brighten'd by a continual Succession of Pleasures ; He shall have Passions, but they shall never trouble his Repose ; less their Slave than their Master ; he shall taste their Sweetness without feeling their Tyranny ; He shall be goodnatur'd, gallant and generous ; and what we have never yet granted to any body, tho' he pays, yet he shall possess the Hearts of his Mistresses.

ATR. Let us go from one Extremity to another. A Shopkeeper's Wife in *Paris* has just brought into the World a Male Child. Let us make an Author of it ; we have not made one to-day, and we us'd generally to make at least a Hundred.

CLO. That's well said ; Let us make him an Universal Author : a Writer that composes both in Verse and Prose, for all the Theatres of *Paris* ; and let it be one of our Irrevocable Decrees, That he shall write Fifty-five Dramatick Pieces, of which, Four shall have a happy Success.

LACH.

LACH. But those Four happy Productions, shall have but an indifferent reception from the Publick, when, Ten years after their being New, the Players shall attempt to Revive them.

ATR. I see an old Chambermaid laying a great Bundle of Linnen at the foot of a Staircase in an Alley; this Bundle is a New-born Child that they are going to expose.

CLO. Yes; 'tis the Fruit of the shameful Amours of a Young Woman of Condition.

[*In this Part of the Conversation of the Fates, I awaked.*]

THE END.